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The Montana Post.

JAS. H. MILLS, - EDITOR.

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THE entire military appropriations for the military establishment of the United States for the current year is \$2,082,063.

Brigham Young offers the undivided one-fifth of his hand and heart to one Annette Juce, an actress. The injunctions were too strong for Juce to resist.—*Golden Era.*

Oh! horror. Poor Annette Juce squeezed into "Juce."

A Five Point set, who has served three terms in the penitentiary, been branded as a deserter, and sleeps in the gutter, says he feels quite respectable since John Allen is pronounced "the wickedest man in New York."

Richard Grant White says there is no such word as Presidential; it should be Presidential.—*Ex.*

Richard is right. "The candidate always have plenty of 'jaw' in 'gets in the chair,' the other 'looks down in the mouth,' a strong 'pull' is made by the 'pliers' and a 'new set' go in the places of 'the old row of stumps.'"

The *Herald* of last evening says that "Mr. Pinney has never denied" having robbed the miners of immense sums of money, defrauded the government and made \$40,000 out of the U. S. Marshall's office in three months. If a denial is solicited, we here state that it is a wholesale falsehood and the author an unmitigated liar.

It is stated by a French paper that Adah Isaacs Menken died by drinking too much absinthe. She visited Courlois on the Seine, with a party of seven festive creatures, and wagged she could drink more absinthe than any one in the party, and did it, notwithstanding the protestations of the landlord. The consequence was a corpse.

Massachusetts papers say Mr. Sumner will be re-elected Senator by the next Legislature without opposition in the Republican party. Mr. Sumner first entered the Senate in 1850, when Mr. Webster entered the Cabinet of President Fillmore, and Massachusetts has the honor of the oldest and ablest Senator. Ben Wade, of Ohio, was elected Senator in 1851.

Brick Pomeroy subsisted his admirers for several months on a tramped up falsehood that Ben Butler had sued him for libel. He now has a real libel case to take care of, D. O'Sullivan, of the *Irish World*, having sued him for libel in stating that he, O'Sullivan, had been bribed to support Grant and Colfax. The damages are laid at twenty-five thousand dollars.

Bechu Holmbold inserted a million dollar challenge in the New York *World* of Oct. 27, as follows:

\$250,000 that Grant would not receive a majority of the electoral votes.
\$250,000 that Pennsylvania and Indiana would go for Seymour and Blair.
\$250,000 that New York State would go for Seymour and Blair and Hoffman.
\$250,000 that Seymour and Blair would be elected President and Vice President.

The bets were immediately accepted, two gentlemen in Poughkeepsie alone, each taking up the wager. The result is that Holmbold is just minus about \$700,000 on his little foolhardy speculation, plus a little gratuitous advertising for his pokeberry juice.

An improvement is suggested in telegraphy founded on the principles employed in the signal service, all sentences in common use in messages to be represented by numbers, and the signals for the numbers to be transmitted. It has been largely experimented on in England, with great success, the time occupied being only about one-third required in the ordinary transmission of messages. Captains Bolton and Barrow of England, have now nearly completed a directory embodying all the expressions in common use in telegraphy. The necessity for an improvement of this character is said to exist in the fact that single lines are insufficient to carry the business and the addition of wires on the same poles renders the liability to interruption more frequent.

FACTS.

An article, fully entitled "An Outrage," appeared in last evening's *Herald*. The business affairs of this paper have not often intruded upon the attention of the public, but the unqualified falsehoods of the *Herald* warrant a brief review of the case. Geo. M. Pinney, Manager of the Montana Post Publishing Company, holds mortgages with accrued interest against the *Herald* establishment, amounting to over \$18,000. These mortgages were given by Fisk & Stuart. They failing to comply with the terms of the mortgage, suit for foreclosure was brought at the last term of Court, and a Receiver asked for. The Court held that Fisk & Stuart were insolvent, but declined under the Montana statutes, to appoint a Receiver, as the plaintiff had an adequate remedy at law by a writ of replevin, to gain possession of the *Herald* establishment, or secure the property by sureties. Mr. Pinney having reliable information that the *Herald* property was diminishing, applied for a writ of replevin and on Saturday placed the same in the hands of the Sheriff, who took possession of the *Herald* establishment, selected members of the Typographical Union and took a complete inventory of the *Herald* office, which shows that over two thousand pounds of type alone, and a large amount of other material covered by the mortgage had been concealed or removed. This suit was instituted by the advice of the attorneys in the case. Those attorneys are Messrs. Woolfolk & Toole, Messrs. Clagget & Dixon, Col. W. F. Sanders, Mr. Wm. Chumason and Mr. W. F. Chadwick, the leading attorneys of Montana. These, with the exception of Mr. Chadwick, who they state "refused to have any hand in the affair and withdrew from the case altogether," the *Herald* brands as "contemptible pettifoggers." In less than two hours after last evening's issue of the *Herald* Mr. Chadwick informed E. E. Fisk his statement was a falsehood, and Fisk personally retracted his aspersion to Messrs. Woolfolk & Toole. These are the facts of the case. We have no desire to indulge in scurrility; that is left to the *Herald* in which it excels. For many months that paper has been prostituted to attacks on citizens of Montana, and particularly against Mr. Pinney, who, although a portion of that time connected with this paper, has been satisfied to leave the *Herald* to its own tangled and strangle itself in its own meshes. We submit that no more infamous blackguardism and broiled slang has ever been used in any newspaper in the West than by the *Herald*, under Fisk & Stuart. They have outraged every sense of decency in the respectable portion of this community, and have sent abroad a prostituted journal that has disgraced Montana in the estimation of its readers, denouncing persons whom, if every charge they made were true, are as angels of light compared with the leprosy incarnations of calumny who have the conduct of that paper. This community knows full well the "blotting out" that was attempted upon the Manager of this paper, and the falsehoods that were sent broadcast by the *Herald* in defiance of the finding of the jury, to damn and destroy a man for the protection of his own life. And now, when in due course of course of law, under the holding of the Court, Mr. Pinney has availed himself of a proper remedy at law, this same Fisk & Stuart appeal for sympathy from this people and assail the character of the attorneys in the case. It is an old adage exemplified.

"No rogue e'er felt the halter draw With good opinion of the law."

In the death of Rosini the musical world loses one of its brightest ornaments, one who has contributed the rarest of gems to the crown of Orpheus, and immortal beauties to the poetry of sound. The child of a strolling Italian player, his pure soprano voice secured good masters. His talents for composition developed themselves in Opera at the age of sixteen, and within the next twelve years he produced nearly forty operas, many of which are still popular and hold possession on the lyric stage. His "Barber of Seville," the most popular Opera *Bonifè* ever written, and which not even the sensational *Barbe Bleue* or *Le Grand Ducasse* have eclipsed in America, was written by him fifty-two years ago, and mainly composed in eight days. "Semiramide" and "William Tell," other ornate works of his earlier years, are still popular on this side the Atlantic, while *Stabat Mater* lives in imperishable glory. During the last thirty or forty years, having an assured position, and either through indolence or a fear of marring his reputation by an inferior work, he has written but little. A larger portion of his time has been spent in Paris, where for many years his hale and hearty person has been one of the ordinary sights in the fashionable *cafè* or on the promenade. He is gone at last, at nearly four score years, and his grandest requiem will be sung in the affectionate remembrance of millions of adoring hearts.

"History repeats itself." Nearly a thousand years before the Christian Era, Homer wrote in his *Odyssey*: "Since Ulysses' hand Hath slain the traitors, Heaven shall bless the land." None now the kindred of the unjust shall Forget the slaughtered brother and the son; Each future day increase of wealth shall bring. And o'er the past oblivion stretch her wing. Long shall Ulysses in his empire rest, His people blessing, by his people blessed. LET ALL BE PEACE. (Odyssey, Book XXIV, Pope's Translation.)

A STEP TOWARDS REFORM.

At a meeting of the Indian Commission in the early part of October, the Commission made the following important recommendation, which will probably be endorsed by appropriate congressional legislation. It was:

"That the time had come when the government should cease to recognize the Indian tribes as a domestic dependent nation, except so far as it may be required to recognize them as such by treaties and by treaties made and not yet ratified; that hereafter all Indians should be considered and held individually subject to the laws of the United States, except where and while it is otherwise provided in such treaties; and that they should be entitled to the same protection from said laws as other persons owing allegiance to the government they enjoy."

This resolution was unanimously adopted. It is the entering wedge to a new and much needed policy, upon a subject that has cost the nation millions of money and thousands of lives. From the commencement of the government down to the present day, there has not been a single Territory settled without first passing through all the multiplied and varied horrors of Indian warfare and Indian depredation. The plea has invariably been the "Poor Indian," under which these fiends in human shape have been permitted to carry on their trade of violence, bloodshed and robbery to an extent never before known in the annals of civilization. Whites, negroes, foreigners, and all other classes, savage or civilized, have been properly dealt with by law, but the Indian, except in extreme cases has been excused and generally glorified. Why? Simply because he was the "Poor Indian." He must be treated with. He was the proper subject of paternal policy. He was the original owner of the soil. He was ignorant and had been badly treated. And for these reasons his work of massacre was justifiable, and only increased the pity for his condition. This loose, cruel and equivocal policy has infused the belief into the Indian mind, that our government fears them, and that whatever enormities they commit, only increases the disposition on our part to conciliate them by new treaties, and additional annuities. We have paid the Indian long enough for committing massacre and robbery, let us now mete out justice to him as to others, when he breaks our laws. It is no excuse for him, that he is ignorant of law. He can readily learn what is by experience, as readily as he can learn to believe that we dare not punish him. Place the Indian Department under a supervision that will see the law enforced, and we ask no better protection than that will give us. But if it is to continue in charge of the Indian Bureau, as at present constituted, and the constant temptations offered to Indian Agents, Commissioners and Superintendents for swindling, that ever has been, the work of massacre will go on without abatement and without punishment. Human life, no matter how great the enormity involved in the destruction, is of no value in the view of those officials, who can make annual fortunes by permitting the scourge to continue. If a charge of cruelty against the whites will preserve that scourge in existence, that charge will be made—if misrepresentation will perpetuate it, if perjury is necessary, these will be employed as they ever have been when any opportunity was offered to swindle the Government. We have little hope of any permanent reform in our Indian Department, until the Bureau is turned over to the War Department. Nearly all our difficulties grow out of the swindling operations of agents, and the consequent retaliation of the Indians upon the heads of unoffending settlers. The resolution above set forth, cannot and will not be enforced by the Indian Bureau, but it is nevertheless a leading step towards the reform which every settler in the new territories desires. Indians are treacherous, and many of our Indian Agents thieves and tricksters. They vie with each other in the work of devilry, while the Government looks on, hears the complaints, sees the crimes, and is powerless to afford any redress. The agent goes unwhipped of justice, the Indian is regarded with sympathy, and the blood of innumerable victims is shed, and crimes which would make Heaven weep are committed with perfect impunity. If this policy is to be continued, is it too much to ask to be permitted to protect ourselves? The Government has now given the best portion of our Territory to the Indians. Posts erected within the past two years to protect it, costing millions, have been abandoned and destroyed by Indians, and its boundaries border upon one of the best agricultural valleys in the Territory, which is constantly subjected to their forays and depredations. No additional protection has been provided for our people in this portion. Is it right? Is it what the settlers of this new, exposed and distant country have a right to expect from their Government? Is it not enough that we are held under tribute to the Internal Revenue Bureau—that we are denied the peaceful means for carrying on the government of our own Territory—that we are yearly adding many millions to the wealth of the nation from our mines—that we are paying the way for the organization of one of the richest States in the Confederacy, but must have the element of disaster, bloodshed and robbery forced upon us in addition, to gratify the cupidity of those who, by the speedy construction of a rival railroad, hope to amass speedy fortunes.

LESSONS OF THE PAST.

It follows as surely as the workings of a mathematical problem, that certain principles in this government produce certain results. To battle against them is to ignore the logic of history and invoke defeat, and in this alone the Democracy have been successful. When the war closed the great question was, to know how to reconstruct the rebel States. The principles upon which the contest had been waged originated in the necessities of the occasion. The proclamation of freedom was not announced until the exigency occurred which rendered it indispensable. The faith of the Nation was not pledged until all other means of raising money were exhausted. And it was so with all the measures of President Lincoln. He anticipated nothing, but met every trial with the readiest and best means that the nation afforded. After his death reconstruction became a necessity because it offered a mild and thorough remedy for a great evil. Had Andrew Johnson proved faithful to the principles upon which he was elected, reconstruction would have been effected with little or no real opposition; but the opposition which it could not prevent retarded and embarrassed it, and gave existence to a party of destructives, who thought they saw in it the means of obtaining possession of the Government. A more corrupt idea never formed the basis of political action. If successful, it would inflict a vital wound upon the Government. More insidious than the war waged by the South, it would not be less fatal. The people saw this—felt it—and determined upon its defeat. In the light of that thrilling reason, that their country was in danger, they moved under an impulse as invincible as the mountains. It needed no organization to marshal an army of voters equal to such a contest. Love of country was the conquering element, and mightily indeed has been the defeat. Imagine the common thought by which a whole nation was influenced. Hear its anthem sung, gathering in volume from State to State, as it chants the trumpet notes of freedom and perpetuity. Witness the gathering hosts which, by simultaneous volition obey the rallying call of liberty. A grander spectacle was never witnessed; a more magnificent victory to us never achieved. In the future of our country, we see nothing to fear. The dangerous obstacles that grew out of the war are all overcome. That there will be complaint without cause, opposition without power, intrigue without vitality, it is natural to expect, but with the full support and approbation of the people, it is impossible that under the rule of one who has done so much and so well for his country, there should be any mistake in the adoption of a policy suited to its wants. The victory has imparted confidence to all, in the inherent power of American institutions, and the Great Republic still moves on. No faction will again be found to impeach its honor, or doubt its wisdom. The humiliated intended for it, has felt like a poison blister upon those with whom it originated, while in its own conscious integrity, it occupies a loftier position among the nations, than ever before. The nations of the old world can see more to admire, than their pride and arrogance will permit them to approve, in our recent triumph. It does not rebuke, it certainly does not flatter them. Nor will it strengthen, if it does not reform their governments. The great consummation effected by the victory, teaches us, as Americans, never to despair of the Republic. In its foundation principles, it possesses the elements of indestructibility. It will live and grow forever. The great achievement it has already effected in peace and in war, wonderful as they are, prefigure only what our great destiny will be, with capabilities untrammelled, and the spirit of enterprise fully aroused. War, debt, reconstruction, recreancy have not destroyed a single energy. Look at the Pacific Railroads, the Atlantic telegraph, at the new Territories, children of the war; at the rapid influx of population every where, at the newly discovered wealth of our mountains and valleys—above all, at the freshly inspired hope, faith, and patriotism of the people. In our darkest hour these have never failed. No failure of present occupation, no sudden abandonment of enterprise, no wild rushing of a whole people to arms, as if the end had come, has ever characterized our people, but the national defence and the national greatness have gone hand in hand through all our past history. While the sons were fighting and dying on the bloody fields of the South, the fathers were cultivating the fields of the North; the one blossomed with victory, the other with plenty. And thus has it ever been with our country. The lessons of the past are with us now to direct our prosperity, as they were with us in the past to animate us with courage and hope. Let us not distrust them. They fill the prospect before us with good omens, and irradiate the future with a glory that abides with a great people well governed.

The lady who Scheyler Colfax led to the altar on Wednesday, was Nellie P. Wade, a niece of sturdy Ben. She was Wade, and found wanting—a husband, Colfax, having carried the main question, went after the "side issue," and—has got away with it.

NATURAL HISTORY OF MONTANA.

Two years ago, soon after the return of Professor Agassiz from Brazil, that gentleman was invited by our citizens to visit Montana. The object was to have the opinion of a scientific man concerning our material interests, for publication. The letter of invitation, written by Governor Meagher, was never answered, and the subject seems to have been lost sight of ever since. Why should we wait for Professor Agassiz? Much can be done among ourselves to enlighten the scientific world as to the vastness and variety of the field which our Territory affords for learned and careful research and investigation. The great Professor himself would probably find, among our mountains and valleys, as many confirmatory proofs of his glacial theory as he found in the eastern Andes and along the Amazon. No portion of our country contains so much that is new and fresh to interest the enthusiastic lover of natural science. Geology here is more comprehensive in its grasp of the primary elements of which the earth is composed, than in any other portion of the continent. In mineralogy the field is equally extensive and various. The remains of stupendous animals have been found in many of our gulches, and marine shells and petrifications on our highest mountains. Our Fauna embraces nearly every species of wild animal that has ever been found in North America, and our Flora decks our mountains and valleys with wild flowers of unprecedented variety and beauty. The grasses which cover our valleys and foot hills are all new to an eastern eye, and in their growth and qualities afford food for thought and investigation. In the northern and eastern part of the Territory the bad lands are filled with fossils and petrifications, and strange formations, and numerous walls, formed by glacial or other action which, altogether, form a world by themselves to invite the study of the curious. Strange forests of siliceous petrifications are found on the upper waters of the Yellowstone, and geysers and volcanic forces which will rival those of Iceland. Hot springs abound throughout the Territory. Lava beds of immense extent cover the sides of many of our mountains.

Living in the midst of all these natural wonders, and daily receiving strange and curious specimens of them, it is, to say the least, a culpable neglect on our part that we do not make some immediate and permanent improvement of our opportunities for scientific acquisitions. An act for the organization of an Historical Society was passed by the Bannack Legislature, and the Society we believe was partially organized at Virginia, but that was practically the end of it. Since that time several valuable cabinets, embracing a great variety of minerals, fossils, and shells, have been collected by individuals and sent out of the Territory, and the Territory itself has nothing in the way of a public collection. The time is passing when the most interesting and rare of these specimens can be easily obtained. We should gather them now, and deposit them in a Territorial Cabinet. No more valuable contribution could be made to our Territory. It would remain for all time, grow with the growth of the Territory, and always indicate its varied treasures and wonders. Prospectors are busy in the mountains, and continually stumbling upon something of interest, which, with a proper organization, could now be preserved. Who will make the effort to revive the Historical Society? We have a long winter before us, and such an institution would afford rational instruction and entertainment for at least one evening of each week. We have Professors and scientific men in our midst, who would willingly aid in this enterprise, and deliver lectures explanatory of the soils, their geological formations, and other subjects adapted to the Territory and its natural history. This would be an institution worthy of Helena, and of lasting value to Montana. Let us make the effort. Its founders and the public will have honor and profit thereby. It is not less a high privilege than a noble duty, a public enterprise offering grandest inducements, and the failure to accept the facilities now afforded, can never be else than a source of regret and a material disadvantage to the Territory.

The Secretary of the Treasury and others were called upon to throw more currency on the market and endeavor to stay the raging tide of public distrust.—*Gazette on Finance.*

Well! Possibly it is our obtuseness that makes the above appear supremely ridiculous. Shake off your Democratic campaign humbuggery about "public distrust," and you may be able to write a lucid, sensible article.

A CARD.

Articles in the last two issues of the *Herald*, a part of the systematic, persistent assaults of that sheet against my character, induce this card to the public, who are aware that for many months there has been no epithet and invective which the foul minds of the editors of the *Herald* could conceive, which has not been applied to me. I have been asked why I do not use the columns of the *Post* to expose their infamous machinations, and hold them up to the execration and loathing scorn of this community, which they disgrace. I hold that the severest denunciation that could be heaped upon them would be fulsome flattery. I have been compelled to defend my life from attempted murder incited by their publications, but, notwithstanding, conscious of my own rectitude of purpose and action, I shall remain and live in Montana, having and deserving the respect and esteem of all good citizens, when silence at the mention of their names will be generous charity. I am not the first person villainously assailed without cause, but Right ever prevails in the end. Without character to lose or hope of reputation to attain, they have made the press an agent for the defamation of many gentlemen who are esteemed as worthy citizens of Montana, and while I am the object of their fiendish malignity it will avail it perhaps from others, as little or less entitled to censure. I can afford to wait for the triumph I know will come.

In their statements of the conversation said to have been held with them, there is but a particle of truth, distorted and concealed by many flagrant falsehoods. The gentlemen who compose the *Post* Publishing Company, are not distressed in any way. This paper is conducted to win and retain the respect, confidence and commendation of the respectable and honored portion of the community, and with that object in view, knowing that "They judge a tree by what it bears," I ever confidently trust for, and gratefully acknowledge, the approval of my course and that of the *Post*. GEO. M. PINNEY.

SEDGEWICK'S MONUMENT.

Of the many and honored corps commanders in the Army of the Potomac, who won the affection of their subordinates and the gratitude of the nation, none has a deeper, tenderer, more universal love than "Uncle John Sedgewick," the commander of the Sixth Corps, who died on the front line at Spottsylvania Court House. He needed no marbles to preserve his name and memory of heroic deeds, but as an enduring evidence of their honor and love, by the survivors of the Old Sixth, a beautiful statue was placed in the grounds of the United States Military Academy, at West Point, and inaugurated with impressive military and civic ceremonies on Oct. 21st. The oration was delivered by George W. Curtis, Esq., and was a fitting and worthy eulogium to the illustrious dead. The inscription on its pedestal is as follows:

Major General JOHN SEDGEWICK, United States Volunteers, Born Sept. 18, 1813, Killed in battle, at Spottsylvania, Va., May 9, 1864. While in command of the 6th Corps, Army of the Potomac, The 6th Army Corps, In loving admiration of its Commander, Dedicate this Statue to his Memory.

The Philadelphia *Press* says: "The statue is a splendid work of art. It perfectly represents the man. It is of life size, and is placed on a pedestal which, with the foundation, raises the whole memorial to an altitude of about fifteen feet. The figure is happily conceived. The right leg is advanced, while the point of the sheathed sword rests on the ground. The left is covered with his right, gauntleted hand, the left resting upon it, and his fatigue cap, as if just removed from the head to give the wide, open eyes a clearer view, is held carelessly between the sword and the body. The sash is tied carelessly around the waist, the tassels hanging a little behind the middle of the side. The head is thrown slightly forward, as if the eyes were scrutinizing some object in the near distance, while the mouth wears a sad yet resolute smile. It is enough to say of the conception of the figure and face of this image of the hero that it is entirely worthy of the artist. It is a monument of genius."

There is an important Indian expedition now organizing in this Territory, which will start from Fort Bascom, on the Canadian river, to operate against the Indians committing depredations in Kansas and Colorado during the past few months. The command will consist of six companies of the Third Cavalry, and one or two companies of the Thirty-seventh Infantry, together with between two and three hundred Ute and Apache Indians, under command of Colonel Evans, of the Third Cavalry. It is expected that these Indians will be driven south and along the Canadian by General Sheridan's troops, operating on the Arkansas.—*Denver News*, Oct. 29.

Gilmer (Bear River) has something near a thousand inhabitants, and is receiving large accessions daily, having already absorbed the whole of Green River City, and a part of Bryan. On Thursday morning the track layers were only twenty-six miles east of Gilmer, near Byrne's ranch, where it is proposed to halt the stages connect for a few days.—*Salt Lake Reporter*, Oct. 8.